

[Amanda Diva:]

These words are written in blood, on red and white lines  
Rhymes to the beat of a war drum that cries  
Like mothers whose sons were sent to fight  
And widows whose spouses souls are all that keep them warm at night  
Underneath spacious skies where stars look more like bullet holes  
And the haze of the clouds more like shrouds  
I swear I smell gunsmoke, when I inhale too deep  
Cause cheap lies have caused the loss of priceless lives  
Bush is duckin the truth while the few and the proud dodge land mines  
Niggaz is doin time for gettin caught with a dime  
but he will never be indicted for his crimes against this nation  
Impatient with waiting it's time we fall in line  
and STOP, falling for the lies  
The war ain't only in Iraq  
It's time we fight back, for control of our minds